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# Weekly



# Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

VOL. V.

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NO. 6.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Regular rates of advertising, \$1 per square first insertion, and 50 cents each subsequent insertion.  
Special contracts will be made for all advertisements for four insertions or over.  
Transient advertisements always payable quarterly in advance.  
Marriages and obituary notices, over one square, charged for at half regular rates.  
All local news 10 cents a line for each insertion.  
No notices inserted for less than fifty cents.

### An Appeal.

Oh! ye who loiter in affluence and ease,  
Blest with the sweets and luxuries of life—  
Who never felt misfortune's stern decrees,  
Nor held with poverty ignoble strife,  
Have ye not sighed o'er and o'er the tale?  
Or wept to see the sufferings of the poor?  
Or with sweet pity heard the mournful wail  
Of hearts bereaved beyond what ye endure?  
The widow desolate, the orphan left,  
Weeping aloud o'er the unburied dead;  
Of husband and of father thus bereft,  
And left perishing to beg their daily bread,  
Cast on the world without an earthly stay,  
No home to cheer them—not a living friend  
To shield and shelter them on life's bleak way,  
Or which they know not where their footsteps wend.  
Or have ye marked the toiler stricken low,  
Thrown out of work, and starving in the street,  
Whose labor helped to swell the pompous show,  
Where pride disdains the suppliant it meets,  
And frowns upon his children's wasted form,  
Even while their father begs to work for them,  
Whom callous epaulet look upon as worms,  
And mock the claims they heartlessly contend?  
Have ye not known the pleasure of the just,  
When with humanity their bosoms glow,  
And thought of Him in whom the righteous trust,  
While Heaven's blest mercies were in love bestowed?  
E'en as ye soothe the wretched in their woe,  
Or feed the famished, bid the weary rest,  
Then in the tears of gratitude which flow  
May ye not feel like them divinely blest?

### THE CRYSTAL-SEEKER.

A FAIRY TALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM

Deep within the mountains on the banks of a beautiful blue lake, there stood for many years a little house of mean appearance. It contained only two small windows, and the dry, thatched-covered roof was covered with heavy stones. From here the eye rested upon mighty mountain ranges, that raised their glittering summits, decked with everlasting snow, far into the blue ether; the glance soon fell, however, upon the transparent crystal lake, where the dazzling white mountain tops appeared to plunge into the bottomless depth below. Numberless sweet and fragrant flowers, which, although they were so small, made a show of splendid color, blossomed in the meadows that bordered the lake. Here glittered, amid the verdant green, the blue star of the gentian; there the elegant Alpine primrose reared its rosy head, while close by a white anemone, like a newly-fallen snowflake, appeared to rest upon its stately stalk; while around about the mountain, like a purple border, stood the blooming bushes of the Alpine rose. Far and near there reigned a profound silence, only broken now and then by the dismal cry of the greasy hawk, or by the shrill whistle of the mountain raven, standing on guard.

In the little lonely and poverty-stricken house lived a man and his wife and a troop of poorly-clothed but blooming and sprightly children. The man looked very old when he stepped out of his little house in the morning. He was large and strongly built, had a long, gray beard, and wore a round hat, ornamented with a large eagle feather, and over his shoulder hung a chamois skin; on his feet he wore thick, nailed shoes, at his side hung a brown leather pocket and a very large hammer, and in his right hand he carried a long stick with a sharp iron point at the end. With a slow step he wandered up hill deep among the mountains. The man was a crystal-seeker. When he came back to the house in the evening, his pocket was often filled with mountain crystals which he sought for in deep caverns, and quite often with danger to his life. These stones his wife then offered for sale, and from the money received for them the numerous family were miserably enough supported. One day when the man had long sought in vain, and had continued mounting higher and higher, a fissure in the rocks arrested his attention. He peered into the darkness of the cave, but soon drew back afraid, for from out the deep hollow a light came to meet him. Before he had recovered his senses, a little miner stood before him, crying in his hand a miner's lamp. The little fellow was dressed exactly like the crystal-seeker, had allowed his gray beard to grow just as long, and his face presented the same weather-beaten appearance, and from under bushy eyebrows his small, deepest eyes peered cunningly forth. The crystal-seeker did not know what to make of it, and looked at the little man with great, wondering eyes. But the little man called out in a shrill, artful voice: "What is there to stare at as you grow taller? You gaze at me as a cow does at a new gate!" "Do not be quite so rough, sir dwarf," replied the tall man. "I hardly think you will try to spoil my trade." "Hi!" laughed the little one, "how would it be if I should prove master and you the dabbler? Let's see what you have found." "As many as you have, surely," was the answer that came freely enough. "Oh, you great fellow," laughed the little man, "see here!" And the little man opened his leather pouch, which was filled to the top with the most dazzlingly beautiful stones that the crystal-seeker had ever seen. Then

the man conceived a wonderful respect for the little dwarf, and said: "Where did you find these costly stones?" "Hi, hi!" said the little man of the mountains; "men question fools thus." However, the man began to entreat him, and spoke so well that the dwarf said: "If you have sufficient courage for the expedition, you can go with me to-day." While the crystal-seeker was considering a moment to see if he dared, the dwarf cried out scornfully: "Now you can see how little courage a tall man has; he does not dare to go with me once on a search!" The crystal-seeker, who, it must be admitted, felt very uneasy in the presence of the mountain dwarf, defiantly gathered his courage together and cried: "What you dare, I can also dare!" Then both wandered deeper in among the mountains, and at last the dwarf came to a stand before a cave and lit his little lamp. "This is the way to go in," he cried, and at once he was through the hollow. The large man was obliged to stoop and creep after him on his hands and knees, and the dwarf derided him for this and called out: "That comes from your size; were you small like myself it would be easier for you; but come on now, we are almost at the end." Still wider and wider grew the cave, and at last it spread itself out into an immense grotto. The dwarf held the lamp up against the walls and cried out: "See, only see!" The man stood still with astonishment, for the wonderful rocky structure was before him, and wherever the little man of the mountains allowed the light to fall, it brightened and sparkled with all the colors of the rainbow, as though all the crystals in the world were gathered together there. The crystal-seeker drew his fingers feverishly over them, then convulsively seized his hammer in order to fill his leather pocket on the spot, when the dwarf called out imperatively: "One alone, and no more, and this one only that you may not think in the morning that you have been dreaming." The man did not appear to pay any attention to what he said, but the dwarf continued, threateningly: "If you do not obey I will put out the light, and you will see how you can get out of the mountains."

The man looked anxiously at the light, and began to entreat, but the dwarf adhered to his first command: "One, and no more." Then light me," begged the crystal-seeker, "that at least I may seek for the finest one." This request was granted him, but a long time elapsed before the man could decide upon a choice. At last yes, this was surely the largest and finest crystal. A short stroke with the hammer, and the stone sprang off with a ringing sound. "Now you have your share," said the man of the mountains; "we will go on our way back." After saying these words he wandered on ahead with the lamp in his hand, and the crystal-seeker crept painfully after into the open air. "Listen; I know many of such caverns," said the pigmy, "and I know also of caves in which quite different stones abound." Then he felt leisurely in his pocket and held up before the astonished crystal-seeker a handful of sparkling precious stones, and said, winking cunningly with his eye: "Shall I take you under my instruction?" Then the poor crystal-seeker laughed in his heart and said: "Yes, you are the master; let me be the scholar." "You are quite large enough for that," laughed the dwarf; "but what will you pay me for tuition?" "Ah!" answered the crystal-seeker, "I am only a poor man, but I will serve you a whole year for nothing." "It is needless," tuttered the dwarf, "your service would be of little use to me; I have workmen enough; that you may be even, you must give me your youngest little daughter for a wife. She will have a good time with me, for you must know I am king of the mountain dwarfs; deep among the mountains stands my castle. You shall see it. All the windows are made of precious stones, and every year a hundred thousand will-o'-the-wisps are burned out as lamps. There shall your daughter live and be queen!" The crystal-seeker shook his head sadly and said: "No, I will never do that. The youngest one is my favorite, and what would my poor wife say?" "As you wish," said the dwarf, "but you will soon think better of it. If you will give me your little girl for my queen-wife, come with her to the mountain that you saw over yonder, and knock with your hammer. And that you may not go home empty-handed, I will give you a present for my little lady love!" With these words the little man felt in his pocket and drew out a chain, a beautiful golden chain, and said: "That will suit your little daughter nicely; and now farewell, and do not continue as stupid as you long have been." Hardly had the little man said this than he disappeared, and the crystal-seeker stood in the midst of a thick cloud and with great difficulty found his way home. When he reached the house there was great rejoicing, but the man had not any pleasant words for his children. He was thinking all the time of the cave full of crystals and of the precious stones that the dwarf carried in his pocket. His wife did not know what to make of her husband; she received no answer to all her kind words. Before the next day dawned the crystal-seeker wandered

back to the mountains; the cave was on his brain.

But in spite of his earnest seeking the cave was not to be found, and in the evening he brought nothing back with him except a bunch of hawthorn. The flour was out, hunger present; what was now to be done? The unhappy man glanced secretly at his youngest little daughter and thought: Would it not be better for me to give her to the mountain dwarf than that we should all go hungry. But then her mother; no, it can not be. And what would become of the poor child's soul? To-morrow I will go into the mountains again, and my wife can meanwhile sell the stone that I have in my pocket. The chain I dare not allow to be seen, people would think I had stolen it. So he gave his wife the commission to go into the next town and find a purchaser for the crystal which he took from his pocket and buy bread with the money thus obtained.

Then he laid upon his couch, but could not sleep, for he was always thinking of the mountain dwarf, of his beloved youngest child, of his great poverty, and of the riches he might obtain provided he would sacrifice his little daughter. In the night he rose many times and stood beside the bed of his youngest little one and sighed: "Oh, you poor, dear child!" His wife heard him, and asked what was the matter with him. But he only answered: "Anxiety prevents me from sleeping; I came home empty-handed, and I fear will often return thus. I can not find my way rightly in the mountains any more, and the stones are as hard to find as though my feet were clogged by lead." His wife tried to comfort him, but he only sighed: "It can not last much longer; we must soon all starve, Oh, my poor, dear child!"

The wife saw that all was not right with him and started on her way before daylight, while the children were yet asleep, for she thought: "If I can only bring back bread again, then he will be reasonable. He has always been a brave, pious man, who has often bid me look to God for comfort when care has oppressed me."

Hardly had his wife left the house when the husband stood again beside his little daughter's bed. She lay so sweetly there before him that he softly kissed the child and said to himself: "No, you shall stay with us, let things go as they will." Suddenly he thought of the golden chain. "Ah!" cried he, "I had almost forgotten it. I must just see how it looks upon her white neck." He seized the chain and laid it softly upon the neck of the little sleeper. Hardly had he done so when he became very much alarmed. A death-like pallor overspread the child's face, her heart beat audibly, and her white lips were drawn as if in pain. More and more strangely the little face became altered. The father experienced an indescribable anguish; he wished to take off the chain, but in vain, for, despite her suffering, the child awoke, felt around her neck with her little hands, and looked complainingly at her father. He tried to comfort her, but she began to cry violently, and her features continued to change more and more, until at last it appeared to the anguish-stricken man as though the face of the mountain dwarf lay in the cradle before him. He cursed the malignant dwarf, and cried out desperately: "My good wife must not see the child like this. She must stay away out of the house! The dwarf has bewitched her, he has conquered by his arts, and so he shall have the child; but the price must stand as he said, that he conduct me to the cave in which the precious stones grow. I will become rich, so rich that the king will be a beggar in comparison with me." He took the screaming child from the cradle, wrapped it in his chamois skin in spite of its struggles, dressed himself, bound the child upon his back, and fled, as though pursued by evil spirits, into the mountain. The stars shone wonderfully clear, and when he stood alone in the solitude of the everlasting hills, with the moaning child upon his back, it seemed to his dazed soul as though the stars shot darts of fire through his heart; then he thought again upon his poverty, and it seemed to him as though the whole heavens hung full of shining precious stones, and as though he need only stretch forth his hand and all would be his as the price for his child. He rushed forward again, and the way led over mighty glaciers; suddenly the ground gave way under his feet, and he fell into a deep crevasse. When he recovered his senses he saw the stars shining upon him, and behind and before him was ice, cold ice. Still there was ground under his feet, and he saw that he stood upon an immense ice block, which had been forced into the crevasse. A moaning voice reached his ear. The bundle was gone. Before him lay his child; he saw her clearly, for the dawn had commenced already. He raised his child up; she threw her little arms around her father's neck and sobbed: "Oh, I'm cold!" He pressed her against his heart and looked, aching, toward heaven; then he laid her again upon the block of ice, wound her in the chamois skin, and tried to climb up the wall. But it was a vain struggle. Then he thought of the hammer that he carried by his side, and began to hew slips into

the wall, and as he pounded and thumped, his heart and conscience awoke, and he thought upon the sin that he was about to commit; and his fault stood out before him in all its darkness. He was seized with deep repentance, and while he worked with the hammer he prayed to God for mercy.

The man succeeded at last, after hard labor, in mounting up from the crevasse; quickly he stepped up, and bounds the child again upon his back and walked carefully forward. When, happily, he climbed out above, he threw himself prayerfully upon his knees. Day had come. Far around the mountain-tops glowed in the morning red, and the glory of the Lord enlightened his heart. He wished to see if the child were unhurt. He took her from his back, and oh, wonder! before him lay his lovely, blooming little daughter. The chain had slipped off and lay upon the block of ice in the crevasse. The man rejoiced aloud, hugged and kissed his child and hurried home; he thought no more of poverty or riches, but of a merciful God who had saved him from a great sin.

When he reached home the other children lay still asleep in their dark chamber, because no one had awakened them. He laid his little daughter in her warm bed and she soon fell asleep. When she awoke she remembered nothing that had befallen her in the night, and the other children had not noticed the absence of their father and little sister. In the evening the mother returned from the city much depressed, the beautiful crystal having met with, to her, an inexplicable accident, to wit: as she was taking the costly stone from her pocket to show it to a dealer it had suddenly split into countless small and quite worthless pieces in her hand.

Thus she had been obliged to return home without bread. In tears she related this to her husband, who, with a joyful face, was rocking his youngest little daughter. She feared he would be angry, or at least quite vexed; instead he gave her his hand in a friendly manner, comforted her, and directed her to Heaven for help.

She rejoiced inwardly at the change which had taken place in her husband, but could not, however, imagine how it had come to pass that he had suddenly become quite courageous.

When the crystal-seeker went forth into the mountains the next morning he stepped briskly as though he had been ten years younger. With folded hands his wife stood at the door and followed the departing one with a friendly glance and nod of the head, and then went back to her work.

When it began to grow dark she looked often toward the mountains; at last she caught sight of the returning one, who already hailed her from a distance, taking off his hat, and then hallooed so loudly that all the children ran out of the hut and hastened to meet their father.

As the latter came nearer he held his leather pocket up—there was now an end to want; he returned with a heavy load of sparkling crystals. The path he had taken led him high up among the mountains, and suddenly it appeared to him as though he were standing in the same place where he once stood with the dwarf. He looked around carefully, and there, behind a block of granite, he discovered a cavern. He crept in upon his hands and knees. After he had gone a little distance he found that he could raise himself up.

Then he took a miner's lamp from his pocket and lit it; he was not yet at the right spot. Courageously he wandered further, when suddenly out of a crevice in the rock, by the light of his lamp, the beautiful crystals came flashing forth to meet him. He sought no further, but staid to fill his pocket; his joy over his fortunate search caused him to return quickly homeward to his wife and children.

There was great joy that evening in the little hut; but the most joyful one in the happy circle was the father, who had taken his little daughter in his arms and given her the largest crystal in her hand.

In the course of time prosperity increased in the little house, and one day the crystal-seeker brought home with him a gold chain which he had bought in the town; from the chain was suspended a cross of mountain crystal; it was a present for his youngest little daughter, who stood before him fresh as a blooming rose, and upon whose neck he fastened, with a father's holy blessing, the golden chain with the cross.

Michigan has cause to be proud of its financial condition. Her debt is \$890,000, while there is \$904,000, in her sinking fund to pay it. A more extraordinary circumstance than this is the fact that the new state capital, which is completed and paid for, actually cost \$15,000 less than the appropriation made for building it.

The German government, recognizing the danger of smoking tobacco by youths, have seriously taken the matter in hand, as it considers the practice dangerous to the constitution. In many towns the police have received orders to prevent all youths under sixteen years of age from smoking. A Belgian physician considers it causes color blindness.

### Remarkable Dreams.

Rev. Dewitt Talmage in the course of a sermon on dreams, delivered in Brooklyn, N. Y., after quoting numerous instances in which God had made known His wishes by dreams or visions to the prophets of old, remarked that while he did not have faith in the prophetic character of the majority of dreams in these later days, when we have the Bible for guidance—attributing most dreams to overloaded stomachs—cited a number of remarkable evidences of dreams being fore-warnings as follows: Last of all, I would say that God does still at this very day, appear to persons in dreams. All dreams that make you better are from God, and therefore, a good dream that results in good must be from Him. The old fathers of the Christian church believed in dreams. Tertullian accepted them. John Huss' dreams have become immortal. The night before the assassination of Julius Caesar, his wife dreamed that he fell dead across her lap. I have a friend, a retired sea captain, who dreamed one night that a suffering ship's crew were drifting somewhere in his vicinity. He roused up his men, and made sail, and kept on sailing until they thought he was stark mad. Finally he came upon a half-starved crew on a raft, took them in, fed them, and brought them to New York. Who sent that dream? The God of the sea! In 1695 a ship from Spithhead was wrecked on certain rocks, called the Caskets. The crew climbed on the rocks, and the captain of a ship from Southampton had twice in one night dreamed that shipwrecked sailors were dying on the Caskets. He heeded the dream, sailed out of his course, and took off the survivors. Who conducted that dream? The God of the seas! The God of the rocks! The Rev. Dr. Bushnell tells of a dream that happened a friend of his, Capt. Yount, in the Sierra Nevada. Yount dreamed twice in the same night that a family was slowly starving and freezing to death in the snow. Hemming in their camp, he saw (in his dream) rocks of a peculiar formation such as he had never beheld before. He told it the next morning to a neighbor, and the neighbor said: "Great heavens! Those are exactly the kind of rocks they have at—," naming a canon in the mountains 150 miles distant. On the strength of his dream, Capt. Yount, despite the sneers and laughter of his neighbors, gathered a company of men, started for the canon, where, sure enough, they found the freezing and starving family. Who conducted that dream? The God of the snow! The God of the Sierra Nevada!

Dr. Cranage, at Wellington, England, related to me how the Lord had appeared wonderfully to a poor woman in that village. One morning when she stood staring at the door of her cottage with another poor woman, her only companion, she suddenly cried out: "Oh! Jenny, I see mountains of bread. I see mountains of butter." Jenny said, "All these things belong to your Father, and do you think he'll let you die?" Shortly afterward relief came, and the poor woman, who had been at the point of starvation, was supplied with abundant necessities. Who conducted that vision? The God of the hungry and starving! Why, there are people in this house who have been converted to God in a dream. The Rev. John Newton, while a prodigal sailor on shipboard, saw a beautiful being descend out of the clouds and put a ring of priceless value on his finger. The being said, "Keep the ring on, and you will prosper." Another being not so beautiful came up and tried to induce him to throw the ring into the sea. Mountains of fire appeared on the horizon, clouds lurid with wrath shone overhead, the dark angel was fast persuading him, and at last John Newton, in despair, flung the ring overboard. Then another angel appeared and plunged in saying, "I'll get it and keep it for you," and when he rose to the surface with the ring shining in his grasp, the fiery mountain faded away on the seaboard and the lurid light left the sky. Then John Newton knew that the ring was his soul.

A German who was crossing the Atlantic saw in a dream a man with a handful of white flowers. When he arrived in New York he wandered into the Pal-ton-street prayer meeting, and saw a great bunch of thibetans in the hands of the class-leader. The German followed him home, became converted, and enlisted under the banner of the cross. That German to-day is a city missionary. John Hardcastle, another sailor, dreamed that he attended a roll-call on which his name was left out, and when he asked the reason, was told that it was to give him time to repent.

### A New Export.

Manure is now one of the articles of export from Baltimore. A company has started an establishment in south Baltimore, where half a dozen presses, similar to those used for cotton, are at work bailing the manure. It is packed for shipment in barrels like bales of wool, and vessel loads are sent to North Carolina, Virginia and other states, while some have been ordered from Cuba. A covering of burlap bagging is put on some of the bales, and when thus prepared they are as neat looking as packages of dry goods. The material is procured on contracts for stable product of street car companies and others.

### Fatal Superstition Among Russians.

The reported ravages of diphtheria in Russia offer a fresh and most lamentable instance of the extent to which the greatest human calamities may be aggravated by ignorance and superstition. It is often found absolutely impossible to persuade the Russian peasants to accept medical aid of any kind, even when in extremity. To all such offers they reply with their wonted fatalism. "If we are to die, no medicine can save us; if we are to live we don't need it." The prolonged fasts of the Greek church, the practice of baptizing infants in ice-cold water, which it would be thought impious to warm, and of clothing them insufficiently until the age of seven, in compliance with some absurd superstition, yearly cause countless deaths. Nothing is more astounding to a foreigner than this utter recklessness of life among the Slavonian races, which evinced itself during the great cholera epidemic of 1871, in details who grotesque horror surpassed anything in De-la-Rue's history of the London plague. One poor wretch actually pointed with pride to a coffin which he had "bought cheap" as soon as the pestilence began, and kept standing in a corner of his room ever since, in readiness for immediate use. "You know," he added, with a ghastly chuckle, "if my wife and I should both die about the same time, we can both go into this coffin, and that will save the expense of another."

### A Sad Story.

Some months ago a young man named George Youngs went to Bath, Pa., from Schenectady. He was a printer and was handsome and intelligent. Alice Beers, a beautiful girl, daughter of a prominent citizen of the place, fell in love with Youngs. The pair decided to marry, but the girl's parents refused to consent to the match. Youngs and Miss Beers ran away. They returned next day and Youngs exhibited a marriage certificate bearing the signature of a clergyman. The girl's parents received her and her husband to prevent scandal. A week or two ago it was rumored in Bath that Youngs had a wife and child in Schenectady. His Bath wife was given good evidence of the fact, but she refused to believe it. A gentleman of Bath last week investigated the marriage. He found that the clergyman's signature to the marriage certificate was forged, and that the ceremony Youngs had had performed was a mock ceremony at a disreputable house, a boon companion of his having personated the clergyman. When the news was carried to the young wife she fell to the floor dead. Youngs fled, and no trace of him has yet been found. He has a wife and two children in Schenectady.

### The American '\$'.

The editor of the London Whitehall Review at a dinner, recently, propounded the following question: "What is the origin of the sign for the American dollar?" The American consul did not know.

It was suggested by one of the guests upon the authority of "Notes and Queries" that the sign was a sort of monogram of the United States, from U. S. But this would not do.

The American dollar, says the editor, is taken from the Spanish dollar, and the sign is to be found, of course, in the associations of the Spanish dollar. We littered the table with books in the course of our researches, but I proved my point in the end.

On the reverse of the Spanish dollar is a representation of the Pillars of Hercules, and round each pillar is a scroll, with the inscription, "Plus ultra." This device, in the course of time, has degenerated into the sign which stands at present for American as well as Spanish dollars, '\$'.

The scroll round the pillars, I take it, represents the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle.

### How he Became an Actor.

Mr. John McCullough gives an entertaining account of his first leanings toward the drama. It was in a Philadelphia shop—as related in *The News* of that city—that the boy John began his working life as apprentice in chair-making. In the same shop was an intelligent old mechanic named Burke, whose busy life had been brightened by much hard reading, and who was continually reciting Shakespeare, greatly to the boy's delight. Burke's favorite amusement when slightly enlivened by the wine was to murder young McCullough with a paint brush, and then recite with exceeding great effect over him, Marc Antony's speech over the dead Caesar. "I became perfectly enraptured with the man," says the actor, "and made such a patient, accommodating corpse for him that he finally made me a present of a copy of Shakespeare. From that day the doom of the chairmaking business, so far as I was concerned, was sealed forever."

It is computed from official statistics that the number of cigars smoked in Germany during the year 1879 was about 7,000,000,000, or two cigars daily to 10,000,000 smokers. But besides cigars, the Germans smoked more than 60,000 tons of tobacco. The value of the tobacco consumed was more than \$85,000,000.

### ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

General Grant is the first ex-president who has since the upper part of South Carolina visited Washington passed through in his private carriage in the year 1877.

Albert Odell, living near Clayfield, Minn., had both his ears hard frozen, last week, and two friends, in endeavoring to start a circulation, rubbed them clear from his head.

The highest diploma for porcelain painting in London has been awarded to Miss Stevens, an American, who already has orders from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge.

A woman at Ulysses, Neb., wrapped her baby in a sheet and left it in the warm ashes by the fire-place while she went to visit a neighbor, and when she returned the infant was burned to a crisp.

Four trans-Atlantic steamers, one from Havana and one from Bermuda, arrived in a hunch at New York one day recently, and made things lively in the great post-office, there being one hundred and sixty thousand letters to sort.

Ex-Controller Connolly, of New York, one of the Tweed crowd, now a fugitive from justice, has recently made three millions in New York speculations. His son-in-law conducted the business. This is not generally the way of the transgressor.

W. Price, a young boy living in Centre street, Orange, N. J., while playing with some comrades, was kicked in the mouth by one of them. A tooth was knocked out and down his throat, from which he choked to death in a few minutes.

The duty on salt in Russia brings to the state treasury fifteen and a half million dollars annually. Now the Russian press advocates the abolition of the salt duty, as it falls chiefly on the poorest classes, and serves rather to depress than increase the national wealth.

Statistics gathered for the forthcoming annual report of the New Jersey labor bureau include reports from sixty-seven silk mills, mostly in Paterson. The Paterson mills alone employ 10,000 males, besides from 2,000 to 3,000 employed in their own homes. The annual production of these mills reaches the total of \$14,000,000.

There has been a frightful mortality from smallpox in Ottawa, the capital of the province of Ontario. The deaths during the last year were 902, of which 210 were from smallpox. Owing to the French Canadians being averse to vaccination, there were 197 deaths from smallpox among them, while the deaths among others were only 22.

Mr. Telford Tippet, of Howard county, Missouri, while in his well at a depth of fifty feet, was hemmed in by the upper part caving in upon him. Two hundred people from the neighborhood assembled, and after nineteen hours of arduous labor, they had the pleasure of rescuing him alive, though severely bruised by the falling rocks.

French privates are prohibited from traveling in uniform in first-class railroad carriages, and a writer in *Figaro* tells how a poor fellow was lately refused a ticket by an express, exclusively first-class, when his mother was dying. The passengers took compassion, opened their valises, and rigged him in enough civilian cloth to enable him to pass.

The recent cold weather in France has recalled the remarkable fact that in 1795 the severe and prolonged frosts enabled a regiment of French cavalry to gain one of the strangest successes ever recorded in military annals. The Dutch fleet was frozen up in one of the harbors of northern France, and in this condition the vessels were attacked by these mounted troops, and, after a vigorous defense, the admiral was compelled to pull down his flag.

On Sunday morning a steamer ran into the drawbridge on the New York and New England road in Boston harbor. The blow disarranged the draw and disconnected the tracks. No one was on the bridge or near at the time, and a train was approaching when the engineer noticed the disarrangement. By applying the air brakes the train was stopped within fifteen feet of the draw. Had he failed, the train of five cars, filled with passengers, would have gone into the water.

After the numerous discussions of Mr. Edison's electric light, it will be interesting to see exactly what claims for it Mr. Edison himself is willing to indorse. A paper is announced to appear in the *Midwinter Scribner* by Mr. Edison's mathematician and assistant, Mr. Francis B. Upton, which, besides the writer's intimate connection with the invention itself, has the further voucher of a letter from Mr. Edison, certifying that it is the "first correct and authoritative account."

In December, 1876, the United States express company, in New York, received from the Bank of North America a money package containing \$5,000, which they undertook to deliver to the First National Bank of Baltimore. The package reached there next day, and on being opened was found to contain nothing but waste paper. The case was given to some of the most skilled detectives in the country to work up, but as yet the missing money has not been found. The bank sued the express company, and has secured a verdict for the full amount.